

and my father immediately fell silent.  
I thought I had done him a favor,  
since he had worked all those dark,  
meaningless years as an accountant,  
computing other people's worth,  
and probably wanted to get himself  
straightened out before it was too late.

I spoke to my mother for a while  
about how the veal marsala was slightly  
overcooked and the Bordeaux lacked character  
and about my philosophy professor who said  
nothing was real, least of all religion,  
and how he laughed in class at anyone  
who wanted to become a lawyer.

When the bill came, my father checked  
the addition and paid up, \$28.75 including  
a generous tip, big money then, and he  
drove us back in silence along the canal  
and finally across it at Montagu's Ferry  
and then cut through the hills where  
the trees huddled without comment and,  
once in town, used his road map to find  
a shortcut to my dorm — its proud spires  
unbelievably transcendent in the twilight.

— Jay A. Blumenthal

Chatham NJ

## DOGS

Chesapeake Bay Retrievers and Airedale Terriers  
Throwing a party at the Ocean Beach surf.  
They got so far out that all you could see was  
Bobbing heads in deep white water, throwing  
Sticks in their jaws.

## AN EVEN SCORE

A cat sleeping on a dog's back.

— Bill E. Bad

San Francisco CA